

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

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## An Interesting Story.

### MY FIRST LOVE.

I. At twenty I was considered rather a handsome man than otherwise; in fact, whatever may have been the opinion of certain of the envious and malignant, I had myself no doubt whatever on the subject. I was not rich, it is true, but my family was as old as the conquest, my father a baronet, and myself a cornet of dragoons.

I have no doubt that the generality of people would consider my position—excepting the fact of possessing an elder brother—an exceedingly enviable one. They are mistaken. A younger son with an estate strictly entailed is no such enviable personage after all, as he himself soon discovers.

Still I was happy. It was Christmas time, and Lady Maria Templeton was on a visit to my mothers and sisters.

I never did and I never shall again see such beauty as hers. It shed light as she walked. She was dazzlingly fair in skin, and yet her hair was black. She was tall, light and sylph-like! and yet no man could venture to call her any other than a haughty beauty. But her eyes, talk of eyes of most unholy blue, of sapphires beaming with gem-like sparkles. I know not what to compare hers to.

There was my brother Tom, the heir to the baronetcy, Fanny and Mary, Lady Maria and myself. She was our cousin and an heiress.

She has five thousand a year. This I did not know at the time, or possibly much that followed might not have occurred. I was not old enough to be a fortune hunter, while my pride would have prevented the chance of my falling in love under circumstances which might have made me suspected. But I did though, and up to my very ears.

Tom was a hearty fellow, fond of his gun and his dogs, his horses and hounds, and not averse to indulgence in those Bacchic revels which, even to this day, are not unpatronized by some of the gentlemen of England. He was, I have heard also, the terror of rural swains and the admired of every lady within ten miles of Courtney Chase. But even he was struck by Lady Maria.

I met her at eventide. We had met before, often, but as mere children, when we had quarrelled and made it up, and been fast friends and bitter enemies within an hour. But now she was a lovely woman, and I a cornet of dragoons.

I never was so taken back in my life. Young as I was, I had put down the impertinence of one or two older men, who thought they had caught a green hand. I had made a decent figure at mess, and club, and Almack's, and generally, in fact, was supposed to know a thing or two.

I had stared a lady once out of countenance at the opera, but when I stepped up to Maria to compliment her, as everybody else was doing, I blushed, stammered, and finally it ended in my muttering something about "happy-next dance!"

"Certainly," said Lady Maria, in the most unaffected manner in the world, taking my arm as she spoke. "Now, don't look so wo-begone, Mr. Thomas, or I shall laugh. So Harry you are in the army. Why don't you come down in uniform, spurs and all?"

There was something so easy, so whimsical, so bantering in her tone, that I could not help blushing up to the eyes. Was that merry, delightful laugh with me or at? For the life of me I could not tell.

"You are aware, Lady Maria," I began in a somewhat stately tone, "that, unless upon State occasions, we dispense with our uniform as much as possible."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Cornet Harcourt," she replied, "I am fully aware of the etiquette of the thing; but then I thought—you were so new to it—that you might like to make a sensation for once."

For once! I, the handsome man in "ours," to be talked to in this way, and by a little girl who a year ago had been in pinafores! I could not reply on the instant, and so pretended to pull my gloves on.

We danced. As we moved to the soft cadence of the music, my heart began to beat with unusual rapidity. In the dawn of manhood, while the feelings are fresh and virgin, when everything on earth appears bright and lovely, to find one's self supporting a beautiful woman in one's arms, the air balmy with fragrant odors, lights dazzling and music intoxicating with its effeminate sounds is to dwell awhile in paradise of which we never, perhaps, again obtain so perfect a vision.

And then to talk with her afterward! She was so full of animation and life, so really kind with all her playful sarcasm, that I soon found myself at my ease,

even answering some of her bantering remarks.

I was no mere carpet soldier. I longed for some field on which to distinguish myself. I burned for fame, for world wide renown. Lady Maria soon found this out, and then her bantering ceased altogether; her voice sank lower, her eyes sparkled, her bosom heaved, as in whispered accents she wished me successful fortune.

"You are the favored of the earth, Henry," she said, drawing me on one side toward the conservatory; "poor us can do nothing, but wish you men, good speed. Oh, how I sometimes long to be a man, that I, too, might be a soldier, a sailor, an orator, or a statesman. It seems to me so sad a life to be born in a station where one can be nothing."

"Oh, Maria," cried I, enthusiastically, "'tis far better as it is: If we wish to be great as soldiers or sailors, or statesmen, why is it?"

"Tell me," she said, smiling. "To win the love of such a you. Rely upon it, that is the prize man covets. It is the consciousness that woman will smile which impels us to great deeds."

"Harry, Harry," she said with something of a sigh, "at your age I believe so much feeling does exist, but it soon fades away, and man covets success for his own sake."

"Some few," I began. "Most men—there are those choice spirits who do great deeds from a sense of duty, but with most men ambition is the sole guiding impulse."

I looked at her with surprise. She spoke warmly, and yet with secret bitterness.

"A philosopher in petticoats!" I said in a laughing tone.

"I have lived more in the world than you have, Harry," continued Maria, smiling; "but here comes your brother Tom to claim his turn. We will continue our conversation by-and-by."

It was my brother Tom, and looking rather surly, too, at our long *tete-a-tete*. A somewhat vicious glance, which he cast at me, convinced me that he was deeply interested in my beautiful companion. As I resigned my arm, a feeling of despair came over me. I knew I was in love.

I retired behind some fragrant bushes and reflected an instant. It was quite clear to me that Lady Maria was intended for the heir of the baronetcy. He had, at all events, made the selection, and what hope was there for me? He had title, position, a home and a goodly income on his side, while I was a mere adventurer, a younger son, an incumbrance on the estate.

And with the law of primogeniture, and the example it sets, people are found to wonder at the death of early marriages, and at the fact that so many never marry at all.

It is not that they cannot afford to marry, but they cannot keep up the style they have been accustomed to at home. A wealthy nobleman's second son, while at home enjoys as many luxuries as the heir. It is hard, then, in his eyes, to descend to the plebeian villa and no carriage, even though happiness be the result.

The evil law often, and the agglomeration of wealth in the hands of the few, is the great cause of modern indifference to marriage. The middle classes, unfortunately, are too fond of aping their betters.

But why moralize when I have so much to tell? I watched them narrowly. Tom was grave, even sulky, while Lady Maria was more than ordinarily gay. She fairly laughed at him, and presently the grave eldest son of the house condescended to smile, and as Tom was naturally in request, I again joined her.

"What made my brother so grave?" I asked.

"Poor fellow!" she said with a burst of merriment, "he was lamenting the hardships to which eldest sons are subject."

"What!" I cried.

"Yes, he really did, poor fellow! He is obliged to dance with everybody, and therefore cannot show me the exclusive attention which he was pleased to say, my beauty, accomplishments, and so forth, deserved."

"He was quite right," said I, dryly.

"How so?"

"Who can see any one in the room while you are present?"

"Et tu Brute!" cried Lady Maria, laughing; "don't be ridiculous. Because we are old friends, and like to talk of old times, don't try to flatter me. When is to be our first campaign?"

"There is talk of India," I said, "but nothing is decided."

"India!" she cried, with something of a start and a blush; "indeed!"

"I have heard it is said, but scarcely wish it so much as I did."

"Why?"

"I have met you."

"Now, do not look so sentimental, and make such tender speeches, or I shall laugh. I suppose you mean to dance, so you had better ask me, as here comes John Powers bent upon the same intent."

I eagerly led her to her place, to the great dissatisfaction of the Irish captain, who did know of her fortune.

I never shall forget that evening. I had come down to Courtney Chase a young and happy subaltern in her majesty's service—light-hearted, merry, full of fun and frolic, without a care or thought of the morrow. I gradually found myself becoming anxious, thoughtful—my brow was obscured by care; my heart beat with painful rapidity. I was in love. The boy had become a man in one evening. And yet I was happy. There was a delicious intoxication in the sound of her voice, in her soft, white hand as it lay in mine. There was rapture in the waltz when her beaming eyes met mine, and our very hearts seemed to beat in unison.

It is an hour of bliss, when the senses are steeped in voluptuous languor; when nature seems decked in wondrous loveliness; when all that is in the world smiles upon us; when the emotions new and delicious come gushing to our hearts, we cannot find words to describe. It is the opening of the portals of a new existence; it is love's young dream.

I handed her down to supper amid the groans of one or two of the men, and not without some spiteful looks from the dear young creatures I had totally neglected. But what cared I?

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

## Thoughts.

One man marries a woman because she looks well when she dances—she never dances afterwards. Another man marries because the lady has a handsome foot and ankle, which, after marriage, he never takes the trouble to admire. A third marries for love, which wanes with the honey-moon. A fourth marries for money, and finds that his wife does not choose to die, to complete his satisfaction. A fifth, being old in wisdom, as in years, marries a young woman who soon becomes a suitable match for him, by growing old with grief. Thousands do wrong because others have done wrong before them, upon the grand principles that "many blacks make a white." Many embrace a principle different from those commonly received, in order to show that they have a mind able to think for itself, and superior to what they call "vulgar prejudices." Without considering whether erroneous prejudices are better than those they have abandoned. All grumble at the unsubstantial nature of worldly enjoyments, and yet many purchase them at the expense of their souls. Hypocrites have a strange taste, neither to enjoy this life nor the next. Many write for religion, speak for it, quarrel for it, but few live for it. It is not uncommonly remarked that such a one is religious by way of reproach, and that too by a Christian, at a tea party of Christians. Millions of people are most anxious about what they least require, and after testing themselves and others for many a weary day they die—leave their cash to those who have no need of it, and are, for the first time, enlivened, when the praise of men can avail them nothing.

Ain't it curious, 'Squire, weddin' never is out of women's heads. They never think of nothing else. A young gal is always thinkin' of her own. As soon as she is married she is match-makin' for her companions; and when she is a grain older, her daughter's weddin' is upmost agin. Oh, it takes a great study to know a woman. How cunning they are! Ask a young gal the news, she'll tell you all the deaths in the place to make you think she don't trouble herself about marriage. Ask an old woman, she'll tell you of all the marriages, to make you think she's takin' an interest in the world that ain't. They certainly do beat all, do women.

"I want something for a bronchitic affliction," said Mrs. Partington to Dr. Restieux. The doctor, with that smiling urbanity which has become a feature at the north end, told her that he could prepare something that he thought would help her. Filling a small bottle, he handed it to her. "This isn't the Pictorial Syrup, is it?" she inquired. "Because," continued she, "that creates a nausea, and raises my expectations. I only want a simple lubrication for the throat." He assured her it was just what she wanted. She thanked him, and departed.

There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls.—*Exchange*. And it grows on 'em as they get bigger.

## How Sal Disgraced the Family.

A WESTERN SKETCH.

A traveler in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a long log hut on the prairies, near Cairo, and there halted. He went into the house of logs. It was a wretched affair, with an empty packing box for a table, while two or three odd chairs and disabled stools graced the reception-room; the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of dirty tin-ware and a broken delf article or two.

The woman was crying in one corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool, with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful-looking head supported by the palms of his hands. Not a word greeted the interloper.

"Well," he said, "you seem to be in awful trouble here; what's up?"

"Oh, we are most crazed, neighbor," said the woman, "and we ain't got no patience to see folks now."

"That is all right," said the visitor, not much taken back by this polite rebuff; "but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?"

"Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal's gone off and left us," said the man in tones of despair.

"Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you," remarked the new arrival.

"Well, we can't say, stranger, as how she is so far lost as to be induced, but then she has gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, neighbor, and not as I should say it as is her mother, but there want a pootier gal in the West than my Sal; she's gone and brought ruin on us and on her own head, now," followed the stricken mother.

"Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor.

"Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capital shomaker, who, although he's got but one eye, plays the flute in a lovely manner and earns a good living. Then look what a life she has deserted. She was here surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father.

"Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink or wear," groaned the old woman.

"And who is the fellow that has taken her to lead you into such misery?" quoth the stranger.

"Why, d—n him, she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, as lives in the village, and the devil only knows how they are to earn a living!"

THE PARSON'S REPLY.—A lady in Vermont writes to a newspaper—ladies are fond of good things—why don't they send us more like the following, and better?

The Post-office in our village was kept in the bar-room of the tavern, a great resort for loungers. An old chap, more remarkable for his coarseness and infidelity, than for his good manners, was sitting there one day with a lot of boon companions, when the Methodist minister, new comer, entered and asked for his letters.

Old Swipes spoke up, bluntly: "Are you the Methodist parson just come here to preach?"

"I am," pleasantly replied the minister.

"Well," said Swipes, "will you tell me how old the devil is?"

"Keep your own family record, quickly returned the preacher, and left the house amid the roars of the company."

Fanny Fern comes to the conclusion that a woman is better without than with male relatives. "If," she says, you have a husband that won't support you, your father won't help you because you are married, and your uncle won't help you because you've got a father and brothers, and your cousins won't help you because you've got plenty of uncles, and nobody else will help one whom husband, father, brothers, uncles and cousins surround."

LONDON AND ITS GROWTH.—The city of London, says the Registrar General, now covers 121 square miles. It is equal to three Londons of 1860. It increases in population at the rate of one thousand a week, half by births (their excess over deaths) and half by immigration (their excess over emigration.) It is remarkable that in London one in six of those who leave the world dies in one of the public institutions—a workhouse, hospital, asylum or prison. Nearly one in eleven of the deaths are in a workhouse.

Seventy-two white females were married to negroes in the State of Massachusetts, last year.

## Signin' Away One's Liberties.

"Will you sign the total abstinence pledge?"

"No," said old Mose Azant, the most invertebrate toper on the hill. "No; it would be signin' away our liberty. Our forefathers fust, bled, and died for liberty, and we won't sign it away."

"No," says the poor drunkard; "it would be signin' away our liberty!" Our liberty! And what liberty has the poor, besotted, forsaken, down-trodden, despicable creature? Why, he has liberty to stagger from one side of the road to the other; he has liberty to fall down and wallow in the mire like a brute; he has liberty to array himself in dirty rags, and to starve his wife and children; he has liberty to get a broken head, a bruised eye, battered limbs, a bloody face, and a very bad name; heedless, mad, infatuated, to land in perdition itself; he has liberty to be kicked out doors by the man who sold him the stuff that made him so gloriously independent, and pocketed his last dime for the same. A drunkard have liberty. He who is the slave of appetite have freedom! He who has struggled often to break the chains of a destructive habit—who has promised himself, promised his wife, promised his God, promised his friends that he would never touch another drop, and then rushed with impetuosity of relentless—craving into the vortex of drunkenness—such a one enjoy joy independence! It is worse than ludicrous, it is a folly of the most stupendous magnitude. Is this the liberty which your revolutionary fathers fought, bled, and died to secure? Heaven deliver us from the galling yoke of such freedom!

Give us king, emperor, autocrat, sultan, pope—anything short of the despotism of hell itself, rather than the sway of alcohol. O ye, enslaved minions of whisky, turn, and to-day assert your noble freedom. Declare your independence of that vile monster who flatters, but to betray and blast you forever.

You will not sign away your liberty? And have you not done it? Have you not signed away your liberty to rob, steal, and murder? to commit perjury, and treason, and arson? Look at the constitution and the laws! do you not stand pledged to support them? Do you not stand pledged to pay your taxes, and to perform your military, road, and patrol duties? Did you never pledge yourself in a bond as principal or security, in a promissory note or other civil obligation? Did you never pledge yourself at Hymen's altar, or make a vow, form, in the secret chambers of your souls, a high and noble resolve to be just and good and true to God and man? Well, what were all these but signing away your liberty to do evil, and pledging yourselves to do what is right?

How IT WORKS.—The proposed law to compel the free persons of color in this State to select masters, or to leave the State in a given time, has had the effect of inducing two free negroes in an adjoining District, to come to our town, and by a contract, drawn up by a legal firm in this city, to renounce their freedom and voluntarily choose a master, to whom they agree to become slaves, absolutely, reserving only the privilege of choosing to which of his heirs they may elect to belong at his death.—*Columbia Guardian*.

WISHES TO EXCHANGE.—Major Borstel, of Anderson District, advertises that he will accommodate anybody who wishes to move from South Carolina before she withdraws from the Union, by exchanging East Tennessee bottoms for land in Anderson. We rather think the Major will have a hard time in finding the man that is willing to close with him in such a bargain.—*Charleston Mercury*.

CLINTON LADIES.—On the evening of the day of the public meeting at Clinton, in Laurens District, there was a very gay ball, at which the patriotic ladies present passed unanimously the following. Resolved, That this is the last ball we will attend in these United States. Hurrah for the ladies of Clinton!

Garibaldi the Italian liberator, has a son in a Protestant seminary near Liverpool, England. It is reported that when Garibaldi took leave of his son he said to him, "My son, the Bible is the cannon which will liberate Italy."

"Buy a trunk, Pat?" said a dealer. "And what for should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat.

"To put your clothes in," was the reply. "And go naked? The devil a bit of it."

Let the youth who stands at the bar with a glass of liquor in his hand, consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.

The man who "left his traces in the sand" sold the balance of the harness.

## A Voice from New Hampshire.

Our Southern friends have the remedy in their own hands—the only remedy—they must make abolitionism costly. We have done what we could to arrest it; but with mortification and shame we are obliged to confess that we can neither reason it down nor vote it down, and we tell our Southern friends frankly that they must hereafter take care of themselves. They can kill out Abolitionism in a year if they will; but there is only one way—they must starve it out.

In this city we have three large manufacturing corporations—the Stark, the Amoskeag and the Manchester. All of them practically, are Abolition concerns; yet all of them are growing rich and impudent upon the profits of Southern trade. It was hoped that the murderous invasion of Virginia by old Brown and his gang of villains would awaken the people of the North to the danger, if not the disgrace, of the Abolition agitation in every form. But it seems to have fired fanaticism with frenzy, and certainly there has been no time within the last ten years when the manufacturers here have resorted to such intemperate means to swell the Abolition vote. The vote in the incorporation wards, especially in the first, shows with what alacrity the managers responded to the appeals of the Republican committee, by coercing their workmen to vote the John Brown ticket.

Our Southern friends are generous and forbearing. We have in this city fifteen hundred men who want so to vote, that the South shall understand we do not wish to interfere in any way with its constitutional rights. The doctrine has been openly advocated here by the Abolition press and Abolition orators, that such men must be starved out—must not be employed; and many an honest Democrat, gentlemen of the South, who works upon the goods you buy, has been compelled to vote against your rights and his own conscience, under the penalty of dismissal.

If the South has any respect for itself or its Northern friends, it must meet this prescription in a corresponding spirit. If it will spurn Abolition goods of ever character, as our fathers did the tea in Boston harbor; it will bring the Helperites to their senses in a single year. Will it do it? or will it continue to buy? We repeat, it can cure our people of Abolitionism in a single year, if it will.—*Manchester (N. H.) Democrat*.

WASHINGTON, November 26.—Hon. Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, has tendered his resignation to the President. It is said, however, that the Administration does not intend to make the fact public until Attorney-General Black has been nominated and confirmed for the seat already vacant on the Supreme Bench.

Hon. Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, is packing up his effects in this city, preparatory to returning to Georgia. The rumor is again rife that he is about to resign.

The Kansas raid is said to have been caused by the attempt of the Government authorities to force illegal settlers off the Indian Reservations. A collision occurred between these squatters and the Government troops, and this, according to official advices received by the War Department, was the origin of the whole difficulty. The squatters had been dallying on the Indian Reserves for many months since they were ordered to remove, in the hope of being allowed to remain there, under the Lincoln Administration. They allege that they were informed by Abolitionists from the East that this would be the case.

On dit that a distinguished South Carolinian, now in the service of the General Government, is about to throw up his commission and return to the Palmetto State.

Tom Corwin, of Ohio, is here. He is trying hard to persuade people that Lincoln will be conservative.

THE FREE NEGRO VOTERS OF OHIO.—We are often asked if it is really true that 15,000 free negroes voted for Lincoln in Ohio! We have the plainest evidence in the world that they did. The anti-Republican press of the State boldly charge that they did, and the Abolition press admit the charge and boast of the deed.

Has it come to this! Has it come to pass in our history that the people of the South are to be voted down and governed by a band of free negroes? Will we submit to be thus governed? Is Sparta dead? It is time that that latent spark of manliness and pride in the Anglo-Saxon blood of the South should be kindled, so that it may wring the Union in ruins.—*Ex*.

The man who "left his traces in the sand" sold the balance of the harness.